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DEVOTED TO THE ENLARGEMENT AND PERFECTION OF HOME.

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WHAT THE PAPER IS AND WHAT IT IS NOT.

THE sub-heading under the title tells in as few words as possible what the AMERICAN SOCIALIST *is;* but to see how the object proposed in that sub-heading permeates vast varieties of discussion and information on Communism, Coöperation and all connected themes, political and religious, the paper itself must be read. To show what the AMERICAN SOCIALIST is *not*, we quote a passage from a letter received from a Shaker of very high standing in his order—in fact, a member of the Ministry, and surely a trustworthy witness for the point he makes. After reading the paper a year, he says: "I see that some are, as I was a year ago, misled by supposing the AMERICAN SOCIALIST to be the organ of the Oneida Community, when it seems no more to be the organ of that body than though such body had no existence. I have perused it with some care the past year, with others, and find it "first best" of its class. Of all the *solidaire* Socialistic organs, it stands without a peer."

A COMMUNISTIC PLAN OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Old subscribers express enthusiastic appreciation of the paper, whenever they say any thing of its character; but it is evident that the hard times are bearing so heavily on the tax-burdened people, that they find it difficult to spare a dollar or two for a paper they really prize. Now and then an able-bodied man writes sending a dollar and apologizing for not sending two to pay for a full year, by saying that he has been laying by that dollar, a few pennies at a time, for several weeks! Others, yet worse off, ask us to give them a month or two more in which to prepare for a similar payment. Such letters touch us in a tender spot, and we shall do what we can, without actually entering on the credit system, to help bridge over present poverty. In a few instances wealthy readers of the SOCIALIST have sent five dollars or more to pay for the new volume, the amount in excess of two dollars being intended as a gift to us. Such cases are rare, but they suggest a method whereby the real spirit of Communism might act so as to relieve poor people and at the same time extend the circulation of our paper, notwithstanding the hard times. Let every person who can spare a dollar besides his regular subscription, and who is interested in our cause, send the dollar to us with the name of some poor person to whom he would like the SOCIALIST sent, *and we will contribute the other dollar in every case and send a full volume.* That is, we will contribute as much, in this way, as all others will send us. If the sender does not know a suitable poor person who would like to receive the paper, we will, when requested, suggest one of the many who apply to us and state his lack of means. This plan is exactly suited to the genius of Communism, which teaches those who have an abundance to help those who lack. There are plenty of men who can spare a dollar for such a cause as this, if they can but be appealed to. The success of any such plan depends on the earnestness with which our readers themselves will advocate and make it known.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Communications for the AMERICAN SOCIALIST are invited from all friends of its purposes. Its editors, however, must be the judges of the fitness of articles sent; and they can not undertake to return manuscripts that do not suit them, unless the writers expressly request it and inclose postage money when the manuscripts are sent.

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THE HOPE OF COMMUNISM.

The present false, disorganized state of society is the natural and necessary result of the universal selfishness and consequent separation and antagonism of interest that prevail among mankind; and before Communism can be permanently successful it must have some central bond of unity, sufficiently strong to overcome selfishness. The mere desire to avoid the evils of present society and realize the benefits, the pleasures and happiness which Communism can give, will never furnish any such bond of union. This is in reality only a refinement of the selfish principle. A self-sacrificing devotion to Communistic principles may answer for a a time, but the only thing that will prove thoroughly effectual is religion. A sincere recognition of the Creator, and a hearty, lively devotion to Him as the "true God," however crude and imperfect it may be, has a powerfully neutralizing effect on selfishness, and furnishes a common interest and a common center around which sympathetic hearts can gather and become united. It is at once a common bond of unity; and the mutual love which it engenders is a guarantee to all that the separate, individual interests of each will be properly cared for.

But there is a still stronger reason for considering religion as the grand element of success in Communistic enterprises. The lack of sympathy and brotherly feeling, or more properly the alienation existing among men, is the result of their alienation from God, and before they can legitimately expect true fraternity and community among themselves it will be necessary to go back to the original source of the difficulty and come into loving, harmonious relations with God—into loyal union with Him—and this will necessarily produce true Communism with each other. In Him they will meet.

In this work Christ has led the way. He laid the foundation of a true, perfect state of Communism, by first perfecting his obedience and loyalty to God, and then laying down his life for his brethren; and now he stands ready to pour out his spirit and life upon all who will receive it and walk in his steps. G. W. N.

MALTHUSIAN FACTS.

III.

Although the figures which show that the present population of the globe might completely occupy the available land in a hundred years, if allowed to increase as rapidly as has been the case in the United States in the past century, seem preposterous, as we know that this event will not happen; still we ought to bear in mind that the reasons for its not happening are due, not to a failure of the law, but to the operation of checks upon increase, of the various kinds enumerated by Malthus. A careful reading of Malthus' book will show any unbiased mind that such checks were in operation in his day. He shows quite conclusively that the aborigines of the United States, though numbering only a few hundred thousands, were, before the coming of the whites, pressing against the limits of subsistence very severely at times. Their aversion to and ignorance of agriculture, their continual feuds, and many other characteristics, subjected them, even with their scanty number, to severe struggles for subsistence from time to time, on the very soil which now supports its millions.

Each degree and mode of civilization has its own limit of number upon the soil. The wild hunter, depending for subsistence upon the animals which find a precarious livelihood in the woods, would find himself crowded, probably, if the population rose as high as one individual to the square mile. If half his time was spent in forays upon neighboring tribes, or in resisting similar attempts upon his own accumulations, the limit per square mile might fall still lower. The predatory and nomadic states the world over seem to reduce population to the lowest limit. But, curiously, the opposite extreme of dense population is found among savages equally low in the scale of civilization. Wilkes found the inhabitants of some of the Fiji Islands living at a density of over 1,000 to the square mile. Here the favoring conditions were peace, little necessity for clothing, enormous production of tropical fruits and vegetables, and no domestic animals.

The highest civilization seems to place the limit between the two extremes. John Stuart Mill has shown that even the starvation-point rises with civilization. That is to say, the poor in modern civilization will actually throw up the struggle, become depressed and die, in circumstances which would have been quite tolerable to their more barbarous ancestors. As the taste improves and the nervous system becomes adapted to improved surroundings, things which were once luxuries become necessities. This must be equally true of those conditions which, before the starvation-point is reached, impose checks upon the increase of population. The modern civilized state will not probably do without horses, as China and Fiji do, even if population becomes so dense in proportion to subsistence as to produce occasional periods of actual starvation. Nor will it dispense with clothing and horses to the extent which climate might allow. On the contrary, the constant tendency of civilization is to multiply the necessities of society. Would we, for instance, relinquish the railroad, if every other source of fuel failed and we were obliged to devote a portion of the productive soil to growing wood?

Population, then, in the highest civilization of the future will probably become stationary at a point far below 1,000 or even 700 to the square mile. If in that day social science has so far advanced that the number which the soil of any district can maintain in the highest degree of comfort can be accurately found, *and intelligent measures are taken to limit propagation*, then want and misery will disappear. But if no such enlightened social science shall exist, then increase will be just as certainly restrained by some kind of distress pressing upon individuals, forcing them to refrain from propagation. So long as society contains a class short-sighted enough to prefer present to future happiness, and this class is left free to act, just so long will civilization rest upon a substructure of poverty, in which want, vice and misery will perform the repressive duties which should be in the hands of science.

That population all over the globe does not advance at the rate of doubling once in twenty-five years, and so fill the world up in a century, is due to the fact that the natural checks are now in operation.

Take, for instance, China and India, which contain nearly one-half the human race. India, by the enforced peace conferred by the English sovereignty has got into a state of chronic famine. Occasional relief has resulted in a condition which calls for almost continual relief, and the wretches who survive are constantly adding to the burden. Railways and canals distribute and equalize supplies, but the famine area only spreads into new regions. By and by, when local famines have been made impossible by systematic arrangements for bringing all the resources of the country to any threatened point, population will rise during some lengthened period of good harvests to a number which will exceed the resources of the whole country in a time of scarcity. The utmost benefit which rapid communication can then confer will be to make the whole population share alike in the calamity. The frightful scenes attending actual starvation in local famines might be thus averted, but the world would witness a new form of distress, *viz.*, a population of several hundred millions living for several months or years on short rations. This distress must tend to do one of two things: either kill off the redundant population, or produce restraints upon propagation to an equivalent amount. If the country should squeeze through such a time of scarcity without one or other of these effects, it would advance during the ensuing seasons of plenty to a number which would have to economize even in seasons of moderate productiveness. Then a season of scarcity, such as comes perhaps only once a century, would produce an actual famine which would kill its millions without the slightest possibility of relief. The very instruments of relief for local famines—the railroads and canals—would, by producing a false confidence in times of local scarcity,

become powerful agents to bring about this final catastrophe.

The reason why the population of the globe does not advance at the normal rate is now pretty plain. The great bulk of mankind are either already pressing on the limits of subsistence, or are in the nomadic state of barbarism, devoid of a settled agriculture. The civilized European races are the only ones, besides possibly the Chinese and Japanese, which have steady habits combined with the power to move to new regions, and they—the Anglo-Saxons foremost—are the ones which are increasing, with a few exceptions, at varying rates approaching the normal one. We can hardly suppose that the intelligent Anglo-Saxon will submit to the final control of numbers by wholesale want. He will certainly call on science to aid in placing checks upon increase which do not involve the alternative of personal sacrifice of either half a life-time of celibacy, or vice and misery which enforce sterility.

SHIP AHOY!

Editor American Socialist:—Would it not be well to hoist another "danger signal" in the direction the Social Democratic ship is sailing, according to the chart laid down by Mr. Bray in the Socialist of Feb. 14th? I discern ahead of it what my fancy outlines as a very big rock, and my conviction that Mr. B. is a really candid man, aiming for what he believes the best, has decided me to write this article, which you are requested to print or not print, as your judgment shall dictate. At least, it seems but just that he have an opportunity to dispel the illusion if it shall prove to be mine instead of his.

In brief, the proposition is that the "general Government," a phrase synonymous with "the masses" or the whole people, shall purchase on credit, "and take charge of and control, a part or the whole of that fixed capital in the shape of mills, manufactories and workshops which the present owners declare to be so unprofitable."

Among his cardinal points are "perfect freedom to choose or change occupations," and the obligation of the "public authority" to "furnish work and wages to all in need of them." The difference between the proposed plan and the present one he conceives to be "mainly on this vital point; plenty of work and abundant wages assured to all."

If this rose-tinted statement contains any good which is not purely Utopian, it is to the advantage of us all to know it; yet it would seem equally desirable to be reasonably well assured on that point before taking a leap which must otherwise end in repudiation or bankruptcy.

First, as to the unprofitableness of mills, manufactories, etc., which Mr. B. hints at as likely to exist only in the imaginations, or, more likely, greed of their owners. If their declarations should be found to be substantially true, to wit, that there is no profit in running them, even at wages which the operatives declare they can not live upon, Mr. Bray must see that he is leading them squarely upon destruction when he advises them to invest their credit in the capital itself. Of course I do not expect him to admit their truth, but what are the reasonable presumptions?

The first thought is, is it natural that greed should prompt a man to let a large capital lie idle through long periods when he can see a way to make it profitable?

Next, what mean those myriad "bankrupt stocks" with which the West has so long been flooded? What *can* they mean short of bankruptcy, or something akin to it, either of the manufacturer or dealer? Goods on regular sale at points remote from their manufacture, at starvation prices, indicate at the very least that production is in excess of demand or the ability of the non-manufacturing classes to pay.

Again, statistics are pointing the same way. I read that ex-speaker Grow has collated a quantity establishing this very point; also that while manufactures have rapidly advanced in proportion to population during the last decade, agriculture has remained almost stationary.

Mr. B. has, I suspect, been making promises most liberal and gratifying to the laboring man which he can never fulfill, for the simple reason that the means for fulfilling them do not exist; and while doing so has unwittingly been diverting his attention from the agricultural outlook, which affords the only reasonable prospect for relief. If there are already more manufactures in the country than it requires or can pay for, where is the operative to look for a market when he has taken the matter into his own hands and piled the surplus still higher? The monied classes are large customers at present, but as these are going out of existence in the new *régime* I see little chance left for sales outside of the agricultural community.

It is not easy to see just where the operative's resources would lie in such an exigency, unless the "legal tender" mills of the Government should be kept running to furnish them. Even then, supposing an act of Congress amply competent to keep the real and nominal value of their issues at the same level, they could be endowed with no intrinsic power to appease hunger. Physical sustenance must be drawn from the soil, and I think the probabilities reasonably clear that the ability to so obtain it, in requisite amount, will have been frittered away.

All past experience demonstrates pretty conclusively that nothing short of an absolute limit to the living situations in cities is sufficient to prevent a wholesale stampede from the country city-ward. Proclaim the doctrine of perfect freedom to choose or change occupations with abundant wages assured, and establish confidence in the ability of the Government to maintain it, and the hegira from the farms to the towns would carry in its train consequences that would prove quite appalling.

Such a result—an enormous disproportion between bread-raisers and bread-consumers—could hardly prove otherwise than inevitable, with this aggravating condition superadded: Unless a compromise is to be made between the old and the new, so far at least as to retain two distinct classes—agriculturists and laboring men—it will be necessary to place agriculture under the same "general laws in respect to hours" that other occupations are in order wholly to "do away with competition and class distinctions." Cut down the fourteen hours (more or less) per diem of rural labor that now prevail during the busy season, to the six or eight that may be agreed upon; throw the whole burden upon the small and comparatively inefficient body of farmers that would voluntarily consent to remain in the ranks under such conditions; and if famine doesn't at least give us a ghostly stare, it must be because nature will be governed by laws not in force at present.

I do not forget that Mr. B. has forewarned us that "it is easy to conjure up innumerable difficulties," but in all changes of the magnitude of the one under contemplation the cost should be very carefully counted, and all possible errors eliminated from the calculation. And in the proposed transfer of our fealty from a *régime* wherein misfortune has been almost elevated to the dignity of a science, to one which has free choice of occupation with assured competence for its chief cornerstone, it occurs to me that the expense has been loosely, if not carelessly, footed up. O. A. Alexander.

SOCIALISM IN ENGLAND.

HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES BY E. T. CRAIG.

XXVII.

"The times are somewhat out of joint.....and the making of the modern omelet does need a most horrible smashing of eggs."—*F. Harrison.*

"The change from the ignorant, repulsive, unorganized, and miserable present, to the enlightened, attractive, organized, and happy future, can never be effected by violence, or through feelings of anger and ill-will to any portion of mankind."—*Owen.*

The incidents already related show that the peasantry in the province of Munster were in a state of open rebellion against the conditions under which they were then existing. But it will be impossible to estimate the causes which had produced these irrational modes of action without glancing at the past history of the country.

The differences of race, no doubt, and the influence of circumstances have had their share in the work. For seven hundred years the English have, at various times, and under different governments, endeavored to force the Irish to adopt their mode of action, both by warlike and peaceful measures. Persuasion, education, proselytism, force, war and banishment, have each been tried. Ulster was depopulated, and Connaught peopled with a crowd of banished wretches whose property had been confiscated. The history of Ireland up to that time was the record of persecution employed against their national habits, dress, language, church, and right to property. It is a story written in blood; a record of wrong and injustice from the earliest days of Henry II. to those of the vacillating Charles and the haughty, insolent Stafford.

Under the reign of Elizabeth, a rebellion arose in the North under O'Neil and Tyrone, and in the South under Desmond, and ended in the forfeiture of vast districts, both in Ulster and Munster. The lands of the former were given to emigrants from Scotland, and the lands in Clare and Galway to Englishmen, under the feudal laws.

Religion was a powerful agent of division. James had to contend with Protestants who were in possession of the estates of the Catholics, comprising some millions of acres. Cromwell came with his religious fervor, and assailed the people with ruthless energy, and made slaughter-houses of Drogheda and other cities. No quarter was to be given to the Irish soldiers. Those who had held command in the war were to be banished, and two-thirds of their estates to be forfeited; Catholics were to lose one-third of their estates. The "Adventurers' Act" then provided estates for those who had advanced money for the war. Two millions and a half of acres were assigned. To each who adventured £200 one thousand acres in the province of Ulster were allotted. For £450 one thousand acres were given in the province of Munster, County Clare, Galway and other districts. After the battle of the Boyne the confiscations amounted to 1,060,792 Irish, or 1,178,307 English acres.

These agrarian confiscations constitute a bitter recollection, and are remembered when Moore sings his patriotic and melancholy verses, while comparing the Irish with the Jews:

"Like them doth our nation lie conquer'd and broken,
And fallen from her head is the once royal crown:
In her streets, in her halls desolation has spoken,
And while it is day yet, her sun has gone down."

Ireland had been slaughtered and plundered, and her old proprietors banished to the wild, mountainous regions of Connaught, to become a degenerate people, through ages of poverty, ignorance and famine.

Although attempts had been made to banish the people, the conquerors found the native Irish useful as bondmen, serfs and slaves of toil. They were treated as inferior beings, and were often spoken of with contempt. The violent measures adopted to obtain the land often returned to their own hearths in the shape of midnight assaults and murder, or the destruction of property.

In the reign of Elizabeth the peasantry were prohibited from attending mass, and from leaving their own district under pain of death, without either trial or form of law. It was a capital offense for four persons to meet together. When a priest fled, blood-hounds were kept to hunt him, and £5 was the reward for his head, and the same for a wolf.

Force, fraud and conquest are the best titles which most landlords in Ireland can show for their possessions obtained in the days of confiscation. It was not difficult to obtain large estates in a land where, for a long time, a law existed by which a younger brother could dispossess his elder brother, or a son his father of his estates, by declaring his conversion to Protestantism. Here the law became an instrument of injustice, and added the bitterness of religious hatred to social wrong. These barbarous laws have been educating the people in injustice and revenge. They have made a character, naturally open and unsuspecting, in some cases suspicious and deceitful. They have checked the charities and amenities of life.

It is this bitter antagonism of creeds, engendered by social wrong, which gives such force to the poetic utterances of Moore, and which O'Connell would often quote in his denunciation of the Saxon:

"But onward!—the green banner rearing,
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt!
On our side is Virtue and Erin,
On theirs is the Saxon and Guilt."

The maladministration of justice, in the course of time, affects the moral feelings of the people, and there were evidences of this in the condition of those who were required to give evidence in the law courts.

The political injustice was manifest also in the establishment of

THE PALE.

The limit which divided the possessions of the English settler from those of the native Irish was called "The Pale;" and the expressions, "*within the pale*" and "*without the pale,*" were the terms by which the two nations were distinguished. This often led to bloody warfare, for insignificant ends.

The Irish were then entirely governed by their own laws; and so little connection had they with the invading Saxon, that it was as lawful to kill an Irishman as it was to kill a badger or a fox. The instances are numerous where the defendant has pleaded that the deceased was an Irishman, and that therefore defendant had a right to kill him; and upon such proof acquittal followed.

When the "adventurers" took possession of the land, they would introduce the English custom of holding the land in accordance with the Norman or feudal law of

primogeniture. The natives, until the time of Elizabeth, were governed by their old Brehon, or

IRISH LAWS OF TANISTRY.

The Brehon laws, or laws of the judges, were few in number. The first of these was Tanistry, which had relation to the land, belonging, as has already been said, to the Sept or Clan. The custom was a primitive one, and defective in relation to agricultural produce, but it is necessary to notice it as an element in training the people to habits of *la petite culture.*

As with all primitive peoples, the land was held in common. When the tanist or head was elected he was chosen for his physical strength and courage. "The Irish," says Spencer, "hold their lands by tanistry, which is no more than a personal estate for his life-time, that is tanist, by reason that he is admitted thereto by election." The lands were allotted by the tanist or chief to the members, but the land could not be alienated. Spencer says, "the Irish adopted the ordinance for defense and maintenance of their lands in their posterity, and for excluding all innovation or alienation thereof unto strangers, and especially to the English." The natives held the land in common, similar to the old Celtic law of Sutherland—"the only tenures," says Sismondi, "by which the lords of Sutherland derive their right to the land, the Klaan, or children of the soil, were the proprietors of the soil." The chief gave the different tacks of land to his officers or took them away, according as they showed themselves useful. The Russian "Mir," or Village Community, holds the land in common as in tanistry.

In the Sept the land would be divided as the population increased, and this tendency to subdivide land has grown into a custom from what may be termed racial proclivities.

Although the Brehon laws have been abolished for two centuries, their influence may be traced in the great division of land observable, and which encourages the tendency to early marriages and an increasing redundant population. These laws were in use in some parts of Donegal down to the early part of the present century.

WOOLSEY ON COMMUNISM.

From the Labor Balance.

"The Congregationalist" is confessedly the ablest religious paper in this country. In a recent review of "Woolsey's Political Science," this ablest paper said, "No book with so broad a scope as this of Dr. Woolsey's has ever before been published in America."

Dr. Woolsey is a man of many years and great learning, and not second to any in the land as a writer on public affairs. Hence his words should be weighed with due consideration and care.

As one of the excellent passages in this foremost book, and especially fitting to these times, the following is quoted:

"(*a.*) All Communism contains a contradiction in itself. (*b.*) For as individuals must do the work when property is common, as well as when it belongs to a single person or family, their power of choosing their work and of distributing the products must be taken away. It passes over to the Community, which can only do its task through officials. Thus a new dependence arises, a veritable slavery, which is opposed entirely to the idea of equality. For it differs from the operations of capital in a special form only in this particular, that capital in private hands competes (*c.*), but here has no competitor; the workman may go in ordinary society from employer to employer, and even may combine with other workmen against all employers; but here the property of the country says to the workmen of the country: 'Thou shalt work as I direct, or go to the house of correction.'"

The writer is a Communist who for some years has studied the subject and taught the doctrine as an integral and essential part of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and he may deem it not improper, therefore, to criticise even such an authority.

(*a.*) Dr. Woolsey esteems it a sufficient ground on which to condemn Communism, that it "contains a contradiction in itself." But that is altogether a reason why it is probably true. Rev. F. W. Robertson of England, one of the seers of the Church in this century, said as a seer, *Truth is made up of two opposite propositions, and not found in a viâ media between the two.*

(*b.*) On the *contrary*, "as individuals must do the work when property is common, as well as when it belongs to a single person or family," and as in Communism all officials must be directly responsible to those individuals who do the work, therefore in Communism alone can the power of choosing one's work and distributing the products of that work be developed to the fullest and perfectest degree. This will appear plain when we see what Communism really is.

Communism is the town-meeting applied to property. If the United States has any thing to be proud of, it is her political institutions; for it is these, under God, which have made her what she is. But these institutions are only amplifications of the town-meeting idea. The town-meeting is the central ganglion of the American nation. It is the very "tree of life," at the base of the brain; and when it dies all dies with it. The essence of town-meeting is (and I live in the midst of it, touch it continually, and know it through and through), that the officials are directly responsible to those whose affairs they administer. And that responsibility is real and thorough. Now, Communism is, that the whole property in the town shall be administered by chosen officials, just as certain special interests are now administered. The best example is Russia, where nine-tenths of the property is thus held and administered; and any one who reads Wallace's "Russia" will see that here is where the life of that nation chiefly dwells.

Communism being such a structure of society, we see that the power of choosing work and distributing products does *not* "pass over to the Community" in the sense which Dr. Woolsey meant; but that, on the contrary, the whole body being controlled by the individuals is organized for their benefit, and especially for the purpose of enabling every individual to do his level best, for thus only can the welfare of the whole body be promoted. Clearly, then, every form of "slavery" vanishes, and "equality" is most perfectly realized.

(*c.*) Yes, there will be "no competitor" either of property-man against property-man, or of workman against workman; and for so high a good, no song ever raised by Hebrew bard is grand enough to voice the joy and blessing. But will God die, and Jesus Christ become an empty name, and Christianity a hollow mockery, that when the most beneficent and growthful political system the world has ever seen shall be applied to property, that same system will make society a brutal tyrant, and all the individuals slaves? How can it be? Indeed, the saying that it will be so is absurd.

WHAT IS COMMUNISM?

From the Star of Hope.

Communism is a system in which property and labor are held in common. It is "all for each, and each for all. From each according to his ability; to all according to their wants." It is the system which Christ and his apostles established, of dividing their earthly treasures with each other. All must voluntarily put in what they possess, of lands, houses, chattels or money, for the use and benefit of all; and all labor to the extent of their ability for the promotion of the welfare and happiness of all; and all receive from the general store or accumulated funds that which they desire to satisfy their multiplied necessities and wants. The family is a Community, in which the father usually is the self-appointed manager and treasurer; so that millions of Communists exist in all our land to-day, and all of us were born and raised in a Community. Our State is filled with Communities, our nation is filled with Communities, and the world is filled with Communities. Yes, as the poet says:

"In a Community we drew our earliest breath,
In a Community we shall close our eyes in death."

The principle has existed for thousands of years in a circumscribed form, but is world-wide in character and application, and who can say truthfully that it has not blessed our world already far more than any other principle that has ever been discovered? What tongue or hand would dare to desecrate these heaven-ordained family Communities? They are the Edens of earth! Destroy the family Communities in our land to-day, those innumerable sacred homes around which all our institutions of church and state revolve and the sorrowing hearts of earth now cluster, and what would our country be worth? It would be turned into a howling wilderness and a desert, a chaos and a hell.

THE BIBLE ON SOCIAL SCIENCE.

Considering lately the question, What does the Bible say about the topics embraced under the head of Social Science? I was almost immediately surprised at the very large portion of that reverend volume taken up with such topics. At first I thought to find chiefly a few pet texts that social reformers have been accustomed to quote almost to dullness and repletion. To settle the question, Hitchcock's classification of all the texts, commonly called "Analysis of the Bible," was examined. This work is the latest and best of its kind, and is said to have cost over thirty thousand dollars to produce the "copy" and stereotype plates. Well, that analysis, apart from its appendices of other matters, consists of 684½ pages, divided into 27 chapters, under various suitable heads. Dividing a sheet of paper into two columns and going over all the chapters and many of the sections, because some chapters divide partly into each class, this was the result:

I. NOT RELATING TO SOCIAL SCIENCE.

Chaps.		Pages.
1.	The Scriptures	16
2.	God	16
3.	Jesus Christ	58
4.	Idolatry and Superstition (½)	10½
5.	Works of God (6-7)	24
6.	Miracles	22
7.	Mediums and Methods of Revelation	20
8.	Duties to God	29
9.	Angels, Good and Evil	10
13.	The Outward Man (2-27)	2
14.	External Nature (6-7)	12
20.	Fallen Man (½)	9½
21.	Man Redeemed	36
22.	Sacred Seasons (½)	5
23.	Sacred Places (½)	12
24.	Sacred Persons and Officers (½)	6½
25.	Sacred Rites and Forms	32
26.	Troubles ("Trials") and Persecutions	13
27.	Eschatology (Future States)	12
	Total pp. not on Social Science	345½

II. RELATING TO SOCIAL SCIENCE.

Chaps.		Pages.
4.	Idolatry and Superstition (½)	10½
5.	Works of God (1-7)	4
10.	Genealogies, Catalogues, Census, etc	22
11.	The Hebrews	83
12.	Other Nations	42
13.	The Outward Man, Maintenance, etc. (25-27)	25
14.	External Nature (1-7)	2
15.	Industrial Employments	16
16.	The Family	23
17.	Masters and Servants	7
18.	Civil and Social Life	42
19.	War	29
20.	Fallen Man (½)	9½
22.	Sacred Seasons (½)	5
23.	Sacred Places (½)	12
24.	Sacred Persons and Officers (½)	6½
	Total pp. on Social Science	338½

It would only require three and a half pages more to be taken off one list and put on to the other, to make them exactly equal; and in a review it seems clear that more than that number of pages would change over into the Social Science column. The general and astonishing conclusion is, that one-half of the Bible is taken up expressly with Social Science matter.

R. J. WRIGHT.

CAUSE AND CURE OF THE "HARD TIMES."

From a Lecture by Henry Sevey.

Our famines come to us in the shape of what we call hard times, and they come to us not because nature has failed us, and refused to yield us a supply, but they come to us *when the supply is most abundant;* not when bread is scarce, but when it is plentiful; we have to go hungry, not because the country is without food, but because it has got too much. Surely it ought not to be impossible to remedy this evil. If our civilization has enabled us to overcome the famines which are the result of scarcity, it should certainly enable us to overcome the famines which are the result of abundance. Our labor-saving machinery has poured into our lap an abundance which we have not learned to appropriate. The flood-gates of supply have been opened, and the old channels are not wide enough or deep enough to accommodate the stream's increased volume, and utilize it to the irrigation of a wider area. It is flooding our pastures and our ploughed land and making cultivation impossible. The thing to be done is to cut new channels through that section where the crops are suffering from lack of moisture and where the pastures are brown and bare. It isn't that we have too much water, but we have got too much in the wrong place. We can do nothing with the land round here, because the flood has deluged it. Go to work! Cut open your drains and channels and carry it where it is needed, and the whole land shall smile with plenty and express its gratitude in abundant crops. We haven't too much food. But we have got too much in the wrong place. New channels of distribution, in the shape of new and larger wants, must be opened up. We have too much food in the granaries of our merchants, too little on the table of our toilers; too much clothing in the warehouses of our manufacturers, too little on the backs of our operators.

Two or three years ago the peach crop was so large that the peach-growers were nearly ruined by it. They sent their peaches to the New York market, and they were so abundant that they could only get for them barely what would pay for the freight and the cost of the boxes. And so of our manufactures. Machinery has so enormously increased the fruit of the loom that the market is glutted (45 million yards of surplus cloth in Fall River alone), and the competition of eager sellers has forced down the price so that a living profit is out of the question. Reduction of wages is tried, but that only aggravates the evil by curtailing consumption. It doesn't affect the supply, but it diminishes the demand. Now

what we need is an increased, not a reduced consumption. The nineteenth century will stand out conspicuously to all posterity as one of the most remarkable in the annals of the race for the introduction of labor-saving machinery which has enabled one man to do the work of ten. But posterity will regard it as a mystery, which to them will be unaccountable, that the genius which could so enormously increase production was so puzzled and mystified when it came to deal with the problem of distribution. How absurd will appear to posterity many of the theories advanced to account for the effects of this important change in man's powers and conditions! And the remedies proposed, how absurd they will seem! How ridiculous to try to cure "overproduction" by reducing consumption. And then the other idea, that we must find new markets to which we can ship our surplus products, when, if the wants of our own people were adequately supplied we should have no surplus.

America says we must cure the hard times by reducing wages, and so lessening the cost of production that we may be able to steal the foreign markets from the European countries—chiefly, of course, England, and this will help to mend the times. But England is precisely in the same condition. She has more products than she can find buyers for, and can't of course afford to let America steal a single market. Let us see where this argument leads to. If all the world was civilized then every country would produce more than it consumes, and whence then could it find relief? I can fancy all the inhabitants assembling together, and in their distress, on account of having no market to which they can send their surplus products, putting up a prayer to God asking him to open up a channel of communication with some new world in order that we may find relief from overproduction by sending our surplus products thither. I can imagine the answer that would be returned: "Ye fools and dotards! Feed your own hungry, and cloth your own naked, and when your physical wants are all supplied know that I have given you an intellectual and spiritual nature whose wants are infinite and can never be *over*-supplied. If four hours a day will furnish enough to satisfy all your physical requirements, then let the remainder of your time be expended in ministering to the wants of your higher and nobler nature, for this is the destiny and glory to which I have called mankind and the ultimate end toward which you are progressing."

AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1878.

Mr. Smart's fifth article on the "Social Democracy and the Government of the Incas of Peru," we regret to say, is received too late for our present number. It will appear in our next issue, and will be followed by still another from our able contributor on the same general subject.

Mr. Lawrence Oliphant, late Member of Parliament for the Stirling Boroughs, and Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, has returned to America, and with his wife, rejoined Mr. Harris's Community of the Brotherhood of the New Life. We say rejoined, but we are not aware that during his recent lengthy visit to Europe he was otherwise than an absent member.

The multiplication of Socialistic journals in the United States and other countries is a significant fact to which we have already repeatedly called attention. But "still they come." Recently we saw a statement that ten new Socialistic papers had made their appearance in Germany; the *Coöperative News* of England has been lately enlarged and otherwise improved; in Switzerland at Lugano is now published *Le Socialisme Progressif;* in France M. Godin, the founder and successful superintendent of le Familistère de Guise, has just issued the first number of *Le Devoir*, a weekly journal, with the motto: "Association of Capital and of Labor; Mutuality—Solidarity—Fraternity;" in our own country, a dozen or more papers have been started during the last year in the interest of the new Social-Democratic Labor Party, and at least one—*The Star of Hope*—in the interest of Communism. Among other ventures is *The Labor Balance*, edited and published by an esteemed contributor to the past volumes of the American Socialist, Rev. Jesse H. Jones of South Abington, Mass., which promises to be a very readable paper. This increase of Socialistic journals betokens a corresponding increase of attention on the part of the general public to the great questions they discuss.

The *National Reformer* enumerates the results thus far achieved in the prosecution instituted against Charles Bradlaugh and Annie Besant for the publication of Knowlton's "Fruits of Philosophy" as follows:

"The first pitched battle of the new campaign for the Liberty of the Press has, as all our readers know, ended in the entire defeat of the attacking army, and in the recapture of the position originally lost. There is no conviction—of ours—registered against the Knowlton Pamphlet, the whole of the proceedings having been swept away, and the prosecutors are left with a large sum out of pocket, and no one any the worse for all their efforts. The banker's account of the unknown prosecutor shows a long and melancholy catalogue of expenses, and there is no glory and no success to balance them on the other side of the ledger. On the contrary, our prosecutors have advertised the attacked pamphlet, and circulated it by thousands and by hundreds of thousands; they have caused it to be reprinted in Holland and in America, and have spread it over India, Australia, New Zealand, and the whole continent of Europe: they have caused the Population Question to be discussed, both at home and abroad, in the press and in the public meeting; they have crammed the largest hall in England and Scotland to listen to the preaching of Malthusianism; they have induced the publication of a modern pamphlet on the question which is selling by thousands; they have enormously increased the popularity of the defendants, and made new friends for them in every class of society; in the end Knowlton is being circulated as vigorously as ever, and since the case was decided more copies have been sold than would have been disposed of in ten years at the old rate of sale. Truly, our prosecutors must feel delighted at the results of their labors."

THE SHILOH HOME.

We have received a small pamphlet relating to this Society, which defines it as "An Industrial and Educational Institution upon a Unitary Basis." The projectors affirm that Religion is "the only sure and safe foundation upon which a Unitary Home can achieve a complete success;" but they speak rather disrespectfully of the Religious Communities of the past and present; and as some of them are well-known Spiritualists, we judge that it will be proper to regard the new Society as a Spiritualistic Community.

The objects of the Home are stated to be "the amelioration of the condition of women and children"—"the better maintenance and support of women and the education and employment of children."

Members are to be admitted by a majority vote—the applications to be made in writing, indorsed by a majority of the Counselors.

The Social basis of the Home is to be lawful monogamic marriage.

No wages.

No interest on property invested.

The officers are to be a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and three Trustees, who are to constitute a Board of Counselors, and exercise general control and management of affairs, in connection with regular monthly meetings of the members.

It will require the consent of a majority of the Counselors to contract a debt of $50, and any larger debt must be made with the concurrence of all the Counselors or of a majority of the members of the Home.

The domain of the Society consists of about four hundred acres of land in Pike County, Pennsylvania, two and a half miles from the Bushkill post-office, and thirteen miles from Stroudsburg, on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad.

The mention of Pike County, as its location, will remind readers of the "History of American Socialisms" of two or three unfortunate experiments in Association that were made there in old Fourier days. The Sylvania Association had 2,394 acres in this county; the Social Reform Unity had 2,000 acres there also, and the Goose-Pond Community was unfortunate enough to occupy the same land as the Social Reform Unity. We trust the Shiloh Home has a better location than any of these, and this appears from the description given; but Pike County has a name of bad omen so far as Socialistic success is concerned, and so indeed has Northern Pennsylvania in general. Here is what the "History of American Socialisms" says of this region:

"Northern Pennsylvania, where all these Associations were located—the Sylvania Association, the Peace-Union Settlement, the McKean County Association, the Social Reform Unity, the Goose-Pond Community, the Leraysville Phalanx, and the One-Mentian Community—is a paradise of cheap lands. Three great chains of mountains and not less than eight high ridges run through the State, and spread themselves abroad in this wild region. Any one who has passed over the Erie railroad can judge of the situation. It is evident from the description of the soil of the above domains, as well as from the prices paid for them, that they were, almost without exception, mountain deserts, cold, rocky and remote from the world of business. The Sylvania domain in Pike County was elevated 1,500 feet above the Hudson river. Its soil was 'yellow loam,' that would barely support stunted pines and scrub oaks; price, four dollars per acre. Smolnikar's Peace-Union Settlement was on the ridges of Warren County, a very wild region. The Rev. George Ginal's 30,000 acres were among the mountains of McKean County, which adjoins Warren, and is still wilder. The Social Reform Unity was located in Pike County, near the site of the Sylvania. Its domain was thickly covered with stones and bowlders; price, one dollar and a quarter per acre. The Goose-Pond Community succeeded to this domain of the Social Reform Unity, with its stones and bowlders. The Leraysville Association appears to have occupied some respectable land; but the *Phalanx* speaks of it as 'deep buried in the mountains of Pennsylvania.' The One-Mentian Community, like the Sylvania, selected its domain while covered with snow; the soil is described as wild, cold, rocky and barren; price, five hundred dollars for seven or eight hundred acres, or about sixty-five cents per acre."

But our pamphlet says the land selected for Shiloh Home "has few equals and no superiors for all kinds of roots, vegetables and fruits;" and so we are led to conclude that its projectors have acted more wisely than the Socialists who more than thirty years ago stranded their Communities and Phalanxes among the scrub oaks and stunted pines covering the rocky hills of Pike County.

ELDER FREDERICK'S CRITICISMS.

The Oneida Community has received a pleasant call from Elder Frederick Evans. He was courteous and communicative, answering many questions about the Shakers; but he spent more of his time seeing than talking, and was a very appreciative observer. He was most impressed with the signs of enterprise he saw on the domain. He made two special criticisms; he may have had more in his mind. He criticised the Community for not making their own songs and not grinding their own flour. Nobody answered back to that, for the matter of the songs especially is an acknowledged fault. The Shaker Societies and Amana and Zoar can glory over Oneida in having hymn books of their own. Every new social growth should produce songs, naturally, in the enthusiasm of its progress. The failure of Oneida is unaccountable. But they have hopes of a David yet. As to a grist-mill, the Community built one early in its beginning, where it ground its own grain and that of its few neighbors; but the profit was small and the business grew very unpopular on account of its unhealthiness, and after five or six years the mill-stones were crowded out to give the room and power to a more attractive industry. However, the use of unbolted wheat, which has obtained in the Community since, makes it more desirable they should have a mill of their own than when they lived on fine flour, and the criticism of Elder Frederick was not thought strange.

He liked the costume of the Oneida women. He thought it modest and convenient. He did not compare it with the dress of the Shaker sisterhood, but praised it decidedly. And here the question may be raised whether a distinctive costume is not of some importance to the success of a Community. Let the style be this or that, if it is singular it has the effect of a fence to separate the Communists from surrounding society, and a certain degree of sequestration is absolutely necessary to carry on a new social experiment. How would the Shakers have got along and kept a pure strain without the help of their quaint attire? A distinctive costume is a protection from the tyranny of fashion whose caprices are a continual distraction from any improving purpose. To the usefulness of the short-dress, in saving money, time, health, temper, closet-room, etc., must be added this further benefit—its protection of the Oneida women from the distractions of fashion, and its effect to sequestrate the whole Community.

RUSKIN'S "GUILD OF ST. GEORGE."

John Ruskin, the greatest of living writers on Art, has lately been lying very sick from overwork. Were he to die, this world would lose one of its noblest men, and the workingmen of the world one of their best friends. Of late years, besides his studies and investigations in Art, and his professorship duties at Oxford, he has given much attention to Political Economy; and for the last seven years, under the title of *Fors Clavigera*, he has been publishing monthly "Letters to the Workmen and Laborers of Great Britain." These letters deserve the attention of every student of Socialism. The heart of Ruskin is full of strong love for brotherhood, spiritual refinement, and the true culture of men and women. No one can read his works reverently without feeling uplifted in the direction of these things. His critics say he is sometimes "arrogant" and "impractical;" but they can not deny that his spirit is full of worship toward God, and reverent and tender toward

all good and beautiful life, all true and noble work, all the wonderful works of nature. For these his eye is clear and true, his heart sympathetic. It is only toward what is false, that he is "arrogant," and his words become hot. But even when he has erred—and to one who has worked so much and in such wide fields this may happen—when he has come afterward to see it, none set themselves right more frankly and unselfishly. He has been a man working under an afflatus, having a "word of the Lord" to utter, and a "work of the Lord" to do, in this nineteenth century. He has fearlessly performed his mission. Let us thank him. Let the world thank him. Let us all pray for him that his sickness be not unto death. In the realm of art and of architecture he came as a prophet and king and has wielded an undying influence. Modulating from Art and literature in the direction of Political and Social Science, he has of late been doing another line of work, not yet fully appreciated, but great and valuable. His discussions of the subject of political economy flash a daybreak of clear sunlight through a region of human affairs in much need thereof. In fact, these writings and his *Fors Clavigera* letters lead right on toward Socialism, and are pervaded by the true spirit of Communism.

But in this article we intended only briefly to call attention to some work in practical Socialism which Mr. Ruskin has recently been about, hoping to refer to it more at length hereafter. This work has been the establishment of what has finally received the name of "The Guild of St. George." It was first called "The Company of the Companions of St. George;" but the name was changed for some legal reason connected with obtaining a charter. It is in reality an attempt to found a Community on a piece of English ground which shall forever remain untouched by speculative sale. In this Community Mr. Ruskin proposes "to train into the healthiest and most refined life possible, as many English men, English women and English children as the land we possess can maintain in comfort, and establish for them and their descendants a national store of continually augmenting wealth; and to organize the government of the persons, and the administration of the property, under laws which shall be just to all, and secure their inviolable foundation on the law of God."

The "Guild of St. George" is already under way, and in Mr. Ruskin's estimation full of promise. Each member subscribes to the following creed:

I. I trust in the living God, Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things and creatures visible and invisible.

I trust in the kindness of His law, and the goodness of His work.

And I will strive to love Him, and keep His law and see His work, while I live.

II. I trust in the nobleness of human nature, in the majesty of its faculties, the fullness of its mercy, and the joy of its love.

And I will strive to love my neighbor as myself, and, even when I can not, will act as if I did.

III. I will labor, with such strength and opportunity as God gives me, for my own daily bread; and all that my hands find to do I will do with my might.

IV. I will not deceive, or cause to be deceived, any human being for my gain or pleasure; nor hurt, or cause to be hurt, any human being for my gain or pleasure; nor rob, or cause to be robbed, any human being for my gain or pleasure.

V. I will not kill nor hurt any living creature needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing, but will strive to save and comfort all gentle life, and guard and perfect all natural beauty, upon the earth.

VI. I will strive to raise my own body and soul daily into higher powers of duty and happiness; not in rivalship or contention with others, but for the help, delight, and honor of others, and for the joy and peace of my own life.

VII. I will obey all the laws of my country faithfully; and the orders of its monarch, and of all persons appointed to be in authority under its monarch, so far as such laws or commands are consistent with what I suppose to be the law of God; and when they are not, or seem in anywise to need change, I will oppose them loyally and deliberately, not with malicious, concealed, or disorderly violence.

VIII. And with the same faithfulness, and under the limits of the same obedience, which I render to the laws of my country, and the commands of its rulers, I will obey the laws of the Society called of St. George, into which I am this day received; and the orders of its masters, and of all persons appointed to be in authority under its masters, so long as I remain a companion, called of St. George.

Fellow Socialists! it seems to me we might all profitably subscribe to such a creed as this, and so become, not only "Companions of St. George," but companions of all who are reverent and tender and true. T. L. P.

ANOTHER FRENCH NOVEL.

Samuel Brohl and Company. From the French of Victor Cherbuliez.

Samuel Brohl was a German Jew—a needy, unscrupulous adventurer, as German Jews sometimes are. But Samuel Brohl had advantages which German Jews do not always have. He had a handsome person, some artistic accomplishments, and above all, a friend—Count Abel Larinski. This friend did Samuel Brohl the great favor to die at an opportune moment, in a lonely place, with no companion but Samuel Brohl; and this made it easy for Samuel Brohl to announce to the world that it was Samuel Brohl that had died, and to quietly slip himself into the Count's name, title and social position. Hence the firm of Samuel Brohl and Company, the active partner being Samuel Brohl, *alias* the Count Larinski, a tenant of this mundane sphere, and the silent or sleeping partner being the real dead Count, an inhabitant of the "summer-land." The partner in the flesh, availing himself of the advantages of his assumed rank, and of a goodly personal presence, wins the affections of Mlle. Antonette Moriaz, an accomplished and wealthy young woman, who conceives for him a kind of insane passion, which overrides all the counsel of parents and advisers, and is with difficulty checked by the complete exposure of the worthlessness of the man to whom she had given her heart. After the usual fit of sickness, however, she gives her hand to the friend of her childhood, who had always loved her, and to whom she resigns herself in a tranquil way, without any great emotion, but with a reasonable prospect of future happiness.

The moral to be drawn from this book is, that sentimental love deprives its subjects of the power of correct judgment whenever the person loved is in question. Here we have a young woman of almost masculine independence, and the most robust good sense in regard to ordinary matters, completely befooled by a plausible scoundrel, who, when his mask is removed, appears common-place enough. And how often this is repeated in real life we all know very well. A handsome face, a graceful person, a bewitching manner, will cast a glamour over the doomed one, of so fatal a nature that the grossest faults of the beloved object are transformed into shining virtues. Cupid was truly called by the ancients the blind God; for he is not only blind himself, but inflicts blindness upon his votaries. In the work under consideration, the victim is a woman; any one who wishes to see how a usually sensible man will behave under such conditions, should read Mrs. Stowe's "Pink and White Tyranny."

And this reminds us, that a prominent divine, said to be yet in the enjoyment of his honeymoon, and who has achieved a certain notoriety by diluting his Christianity with a suitable admixture of Paganism, so as to adapt it to the classical mind, has lately set himself up as the apostle and champion of this kind of love, and is edifying himself and his hearers by invoking to his aid all the saints in the Greek and Roman calendar. He calls it "supreme affection;" but we find that it bears a most surprising resemblance to the love of Antoinette for the pseudo Count Larinski, and that of the sedate John Seymour for Miss Lillie Ellis in Mrs. Stowe's book to which we have alluded. Here are some of his formulæ:

"Pagan ideals of marriage make a supreme affection its only natural basis."

"A supreme affection can only exist between two."

"It follows also, that until a supreme affection exists a marriage can not take place naturally."

And he illustrates his idea of a "supreme affection" by such samples as this: Panthea was the wife of Abradatus; and being interrogated by Cyrus in regard to her husband, said, "If ever there was a woman that regarded her husband more than her own soul, I am that woman." This language is commended by the lecturer as an exquisite sample of womanly devotion. But finally, after the death of Abradatus, Panthea, being unable to live without him, killed herself on his body. Such women are held up for our admiration as "crystalline water bursting up from the innermost rifts of human nature and society, and one in its purity with that rain which falls on all the hills and is the real source, after all, of every one of these crystalline springs."

This is singular language, and a singular example for a minister of the Gospel to hold up to a Christian community; for the kind of love which it sets before us as a model worthy of all imitation is of essentially the same nature as the love in "Samuel Brohl and Company"—a "supreme affection," whether its subject be a good man or a scoundrel, a Pagan or a Christian—an indiscriminating and idolatrous devotion to an earthly object, the quality of which is just as likely to be bad as good. Now we have been taught to believe that the "supreme affection" should only be given to God. Which shall we choose? On the one hand, we have this reverend gentleman stimulating us by an appeal to a Pagan model—a woman who loved her husband "more than her own soul"—and, on the other hand, we have the distinct and emphatic declaration of Christ: "If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he can not be my disciple." And again, "Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, for my name's sake, shall receive a hundred fold, and shall inherit everlasting life." This does not read much like the "crystalline spring" talk we have noted above; but one plain conclusion stands forth in it with even "crystalline" clearness; and that is, that if the "supreme affection" is not given to God, but is diverted to husband, or wife, or child, there will be a grave reckoning for it hereafter. And we should say to persons who attempt to exalt themselves into moral dictators, that a serious responsibility rests upon them when they attempt to divert the "supreme affection" from the Creator to the creature. If we deplore the existence of unhealthy, morbid sentiment in regard to a subject wherein common sense is so much needed, what shall we say about those men of culture and talent who encourage and do their utmost to perpetuate the evil?

Logically speaking, and leaving the religious view of the subject, the idea of a one "supreme affection," which would override and exclude all others, is mere sentimental theorizing, which the whole experience of the world is every day contradicting. Who is to pronounce when the "supreme affection" is attained? It is notorious that many persons who think they have it find themselves wofully deceived; and many a couple who have irrevocably bound themselves together under the impulse of what they fondly imagined a "supreme affection" have found the marriage bed a Procrustean couch, inflicting perpetual torments from which there was no relief. "Samuel Brohl & Co." yields us another and better moral; and that is, that after one "supreme affection" has exhausted itself, there still remains in the human" heart enough affection to secure permanent happiness. Does any one suppose that if Antoinette had married the object of her "supreme affection," and the falsity of his pretensions had remained undiscovered, she would have been a happy woman? Does any one doubt that she was happier in her final choice of a husband, than if she had had the supreme desire of her heart gratified? But this is only what is happening every day in real life. Second thoughts are best; and a second love, though not so romantic as the first, has usually more of the elements of perpetuity in it. Don't let us kick against the pricks, and attempt to measure our conduct by an ideal standard that will not stand the test of every-day common sense. An ideal is a good thing to have before us, only let it be one which has fast colors and will wear. What, in the name of all that is reasonable, is the use of going back to Greece and Rome for our models of character? Can not Christianity do as well by us in this regard as Paganism? Has the world made no improvement in two thousand years, and is human character to-day, the same as it was in the time of Pericles or the Cæsars? If so, we must acknowledge Christianity to be a failure, and our boasted civilization naught but a thin veneering of external polish. "Scratch a Russian," said Napoleon, "and you will find a Tartar underneath." After so many ages of Christian culture, are we all Pagans beneath the skin? God forbid. There is one ideal whose lustre can never be dimmed by any test, and that is this: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself." This is the "supreme affection."

Dr. Slade, the writing medium, has at last reached St. Petersburg. At a séance given to the Grand Duke Constantine, at his own palace, the Duke held a new slate alone and obtained independent writing upon it. At one of his sittings Dr. Slade obtained writing in six different languages upon a single slate.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, the author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," is described as "a graceful, agreeable, low-voiced woman, about thirty years old. She is an industrious and domestic person, of whom her husband says enthusiastically, 'She can do any thing.'" Of a new story which she is about to write the plot is said to have come to her thus: she was sitting one day in her little room writing, when, like a flash, as power-

fully and vividly as if it had been a real living creature, the leading character of a new story stood before her mind's eye. It was a sudden inspiration, and made such an impression on her that she immediately opened her note-book and made this entry: "10 o'clock A. M., Jan. 21st, 1878. The first thought of my next book has been born; it came of itself, as if a living creature had suddenly opened the door and stood silent before me." Mrs. Burnett now resides in Washington.

MY HEAD AND HEART.

BY AUGUSTA COOPER BRISTOL.

I'm weary of the strife between
My head and heart;
Each struggles for the sovereign sway,
Yet only one can I obey,
For serve and follow which I may,
They lead apart.

"Heed me," cries Heart, "nor once from my
Instructions swerve!
'Tis not as precious to be free
And homeless as to stay by me,
And braid Love's blessed garland! Be
Content to serve!"

But Head, all regal, pleads her right
Legitimate:
"Soul, follow me! Take on thy wings,
And thou shalt learn divinest things
From all that Nature says and sings!
Live to create!"

* * * *

Thus, listening to each in turn,
My life wears on;
Oh could I only once arise,
Yet hold Love's sweetness in my eyes,
The while I soar and sweep the skies,
And join the dawn!

Oh for a friend exceptional
And heavenly great!
That, worshipping creative mind—
The immortal thought, illumed, refined—
Will keep the heart's dear gifts enshrined,
Inviolate!

Oh for a king with power to hold
Miraculous reign!
To let my fond heart have her way,
And reverence her passion-play,
Yet not one single fetter lay
Upon the brain!

CORRESPONDENCE.

New York, Mar. 16, 1878.

EDITORS AMERICAN SOCIALIST:—Your paper is worth ten times the subscription price. I am greatly pleased with its management. It is bound to be a great success.

E. W. S.

South Union, Ky., March 15, 1878.

EDITORS AMERICAN SOCIALIST:—As your readers are looking for items of social interest, you may welcome an occasional letter from this most southern "Shaker town." We are located on the Memphis branch of the Louisville and Nashville R. R., 128 miles southwest of Louisville, Ky. The climate is beautiful and healthful for every thing that is not killed by an occasional frost. It is not a good fruit-growing climate, compared with more northern States, because the mild winter weather often starts the fruit-buds only to be killed by the next frost. General farming is the principal occupation of the people here. The Society here is not as prosperous as before the war, but of late is showing by external signs that the spirit of improvement is at work.

It may be well to say for the benefit of your readers that, although a member of the Church Family, your correspondent is only a novitiate in Shakerism, compared with those who have served the Society more than "three score and ten" years, as a number here have; and they are not "old fogies" either, as some outsiders have charged; they are still leading members of the Society, posted in the progressions of the age, and they adopt the modern improvements as fast as they have use for them, as is evidenced by the fact that they employ labor-saving machinery, use the electric call-bell, have a private line of telegraph, and are preparing to introduce the telephone to save time and facilitate the business and comfort of the Society. They lack some comforts which they would have supplied themselves with ere this, had they not had about $60,000 stolen from them by bankers with whom their funds were deposited. They are strong in the faith that Shaker principles must be adopted before a full measure of happiness can be enjoyed by the inhabitants of earth, and believe that ignorance or inability to put Shaker principles into practice is a reason for much of the suffering among the people. They believe in the survival of the fittest, and do not think it wise to propagate from poor stock. They advocate scientific propagation, and have the reputation of putting their theories into practice in every business they engage in, and their superior animals and vegetables sustain their reputation. They do not see fit to engage in the business of breeding human beings, but most earnestly entreat those who do to use at least as much care in selection and cultivation as they use in animal and vegetable propagation. They think it wise to use *much more care*, and recognize the fact that Shakerism can advance only as the world improves in its generation. *Shakerism is the granary of the world.* If the world brings forth poor grain it is foolish to expect better in the storehouse than was raised in the field. All the grain raised is not intended to reproduce, but is put to other uses equally honorable to the grain and the Creator. If part should be gathered in poor condition, and should begin to sprout after being put into the granary, it is removed as likely to injure the rest in store. Shakers regard those philosophers who would have them commence the work of generation in their societies, as they regard the man who would attempt to reproduce wheat in his storehouse. They think the field of the world a better place, and recommend that greater care be exercised in the cultivation there, and improved conditions introduced as fast as possible to secure better results at the harvest, and better stock for the next generations.

Yours, G. T. C.

St. Louis, Mo., March, 1878.

EDITOR AMERICAN SOCIALIST:—I have lately been reading a remarkable book on Biology by a Frenchman named Latorneau, translated and published in London. The author has arrived at the same conclusion which the apostle Paul arrived at concerning the final victory over the last enemy, Death—the apostle by the gospel, the Frenchman by science; thus making a perfect equation between the two sides of Nature—Matter and Spirit; or, as Swedenborg would say, a perfect correspondence, though he never dreamed of such a correspondence as *that*. The following quotation is directly to the point:

"To dare now to assert that it is not impossible to conquer death, the great enemy, is to expose ourselves to an accusation of madness. The animist and vitalist doctrines fail; they have lost all credit with science; but a yoke borne for a long time always leaves a permanent impress, and in the domain of opinion the effect often long survives the cause. For centuries life has been considered a mysterious, miraculous fact, beyond all investigation. Each organism was regarded as a monarchy despotically governed by a metaphysical entity. Such is still the prevailing opinion; but it exists only by force of habit. The phenomenon of life has been analyzed. We know that it is the simple molecular exchanges, comparable to those that take place in an electric pile. *A-priori*, it is surely not impossible—given an organized being—to maintain *indefinitely* in it the tide of life at a constant water-mark, and it seems to us that science is now sufficiently armed to attack boldly this great problem."

Thus, it has come to pass that if a man would walk abreast with the discoveries of science in the present day he will also believe in the Christian revelation, or *vice-versa*. The accusation of madness which the biologist deprecates in the above quotation has, to my certain knowledge, been brought against those who in this day believe Paul's doctrine. It is well known that the apostle received his commission to preach the gospel to the Gentiles from the Master himself; that in the dozen or more of his epistles that have come down to us he affirms or implies in every page, that he in whose name he preached was crucified and buried and rose again the third day, and that he dieth no more, and that if these things are not true he acknowledges himself to be a liar and a false witness.

Eighteen centuries after Paul, a learned man came forth and announced to the world that he also was commissioned by the Master to discover and make known what he calls the spiritual sense of the word, and in pursuance of this mission he rejects Paul's epistles, and retains nothing in the Canon but the four gospels and the book of Revelation, which last was rejected by many of the churches before Constantine. The reason is not far to seek. The apostle preaches the redemption of the body; Swedenborg does not believe that any salvation is provided for the body, but holds to Plato's doctrine that the soul is naturally immortal. The apostle seems to know nothing of this, but says expressly, if Christ is not risen, let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die. Inspired with the sublimest consciousness he adds, "But now is Christ risen from the dead;" mortal, corruptible man must put on incorruption and immortality as a garment; and so death shall be abolished—swallowed up in victory. And now which do you prefer—Paul or Swedenborg?

J. E. G.

STORIES OF POVERTY.

[It is good for the rich to see just what the poor have to go through. We have gathered from the members of the Oneida Community some narratives of pre-communistic experiences which we propose to present under the above title. Besides illustrating the distresses that are common among ordinary and "respectable" poor folks, these stories prove what we have often said of the O. C.—that it is not a select society of well-to-do people, but an average slice of humanity, in which all classes are represented and where the rich and the poor meet in equal comfort.]

XV.

MR. V'S. STORY IN TWO PARTS.

Part First.

At the time of my birth, in 1809, my parents lived at Green Point, on the east shore of Onondaga Lake, where the first salt-spring was discovered, now within the corporation of the city of Syracuse. They were poor and illiterate, and my first memory is of living in a very small log-house about two miles from Syracuse, where my father worked at the cooper's trade. Father was a very industrious man and frugal in his habits. He was also extremely generous and ready to divide his last morsel of food with any one who was needy, without knowing where he was to get more; but he had a number of marked faults of character which made a great deal of trouble in our family, and must have been a constant source of sorrow to mother. Although he worked hard, he was what is called a "miserable provider;" he seemed to have no faculty whatever of calculating for the future, and his affairs were always at loose ends. He generally tried to carry on a number of different businesses at the same time, and never finished up one thing before beginning another. He was invariably in debt, and was many times sent to jail on that account, a custom which prevailed in those days. Added to these defects, he was a great tyrant as a parent, often averring that, as his children had derived from him their existence, he had the entire right to their services, and was under no obligation to give them advantages. He had never spent a day in school in his life, and consequently considered book education entirely unnecessary. "I got along well enough without it," he would say, "and my children can do the same." Through mother's influence we were, however, kept at school a part of the day while we were very young. Father also gave way at times to a very violent temper, and rarely punished his children except when angry. And yet, with all these faults, he had many traits which made him popular, and he was almost universally liked.

When I was between four and five, father hired a shoemaker to come into the house and spend some time in making shoes for the family. The event made a great impression on me. I remember I used to hang around the shoemaker's bench all day, intently watching his movements and eager to offer any assistance which my childish fingers could perform. Then in the evening I was only too proud to hold the candle for him while he plodded on for several hours after dark. This little occurrence was undoubtedly a seed sown in my life, for ever afterward it was my ambition to become a shoemaker. To play with imaginary awls and waxed-ends, with a boot-jack or some such thing for a last, was a constant source of amusement.

The summer after I was five, father, having moved into a small, cold house containing but one room, contracted with a rich man to clear and fallow for him one hundred acres of land. When the land was ready for the plow I was considered old enough to help, and was therefore kept from school two seasons to ride horse before a yoke of oxen for the purpose of breaking up the heavy summer fallow. I have a vivid recollection of those long, weary, sultry days, when I sat astride the horse which I guided up and down hour after hour to the incessant monotony of, "Whoa! Haw! Get up! Back!" etc. Nobody to play with; nobody to speak to me, except to scold me for not keeping in the furrows. What would I not have given for a brief respite to run away and play with the boys who seemed to me more highly favored by fortune!

The next summer father sent me to ride horse for a man from whom he received twenty-five cents per day for my services, showing that he cared more for this scanty pittance than for the future benefit I might derive from schooling. I have always thought that the hard life I led under this man at this early age had a dwarfing effect on both mind and body; for my brothers, and all the family in fact, grew to much larger proportions than I did. I was barely seven years old, and yet

from morning till night I rode up and down the long furrows, stopping only a few moments for dinner, and walking home alone after dark, a distance of a mile. I suppose the exercise of walking that mile was a good thing for me, as I might otherwise have almost lost the use of my limbs from such long-continued inaction. As I watch my grandchildren at their careless play, some of whom have now reached the same age, it seems almost incredible that I could then have been so small and young.

The following winter we passed through very pinching times in regard to food. For about three months our diet was potatoes and salt, varied occasionally with johnny-cake and molasses. We became so reduced that mother was finally driven to the necessity of trying oatmeal as an article of food, a thing never thought of in America in those days. To our surprise, she made from this meal a very palatable pancake, so that we managed to exist till spring without much severe suffering. Father, as I have said, was always in debt, and frequently snatched from his work and imprisoned on that account. Once during this winter he was taken to jail, leaving us destitute of wood as well as provisions. The weather was very severe, and all the wood we had to use I was obliged to draw from the forest on a hand-sled. As I was the oldest child the brunt of things of that kind came on me during father's absence. When spring opened, unfettering the streams, we supplied our table with nutritious pabulum from Onondaga Creek, which was then swarming with a large and delicious variety of trout.

In the course of a year or two we moved into Syracuse, where I had an opportunity to indulge in a measure my passion for shoemaking. As I grew older the desire to become a shoemaker strengthened with my growth. I used to spend my evenings in the shops watching the men at their work and asking questions about every kink which I did not understand. When I was twelve I found a man who would give me ten cents an hour for chopping wood after work-hours, and many a night I chopped by moonlight, carefully treasuring every penny I earned in order that I might carry out a pet project. Having received money enough to buy a few tools and a small quantity of leather, I got one of the younger children to hold the candle for me at night while I practiced shoe-mending. I soon got so that I could do our family cobbling quite well, and then I conceived the idea of making a pair of boots. I accordingly took an old pair, and, having cut off the tops, I ripped them up, carefully inspecting their mechanism. Having got a good many ideas in this way, I began with great enthusiasm on my first pair of boots. I would work away until I reached a point where I was at a loss how to proceed, and then I would go to some shop and take another observation. After three months I completed a tolerable pair of boots, which fitted me nicely and lasted a long time. I wished very much to be bound out to learn the trade; but father would not listen to a word on the subject. He said that my services belonged to him as the author of my existence, and he had a right to all my earnings, and that he preferred to take what he could get out of me in the present to investing any thing in future profit. The trials I had with my father on account of his lack of liberality were much harder to bear than all our struggles with poverty. I remember when I was not more than ten years old of having such a sense of his shiftlessness and utter disregard of the comfort of mother and the children, that I told one of my uncles that if I thought I should grow up to be such a man as my father was I had rather die at once. He laughed, and did not reprove me, and as he was himself a very different man I suspect he thought I was in the right of it. My father's temper also did not improve, but grew rather worse. He once kicked at me when in a rage with such violence that, as I dodged the blow, his boot passed through the door-panel which was behind me.

From the time I was thirteen until I was twenty father kept me employed on the canal during the summer, and in the winter he either hired me out to drive team or sent me to the works to boil salt. Of this period a few incidents of some interest recur to me. The winter before I was sixteen I boiled out salt half the day and half the night. Soon after I began, a man who lived in the next block asked me to boil one trick per day for him in addition to my regular work, promising to pay me seventy-five cents for each job. As I was very anxious to earn a little money on my own account, I agreed to work for him six hours out of the twenty-four, thus making eighteen hours a day, and leaving but a very short allowance of sleep for a growing boy. I continued this practice for three months, my father not in the least concerning himself about my welfare. I thus earned thirty dollars, with which I meant to accomplish great things; but just at this time a man who had been boarding at our house for several weeks proposed to leave, and asked me to lend him the thirty dollars. I hesitated somewhat at first about complying with his request; but father urged me to do it, and as he seemed to be an honest man and promised to soon repay me, I let him have it. He went away the next day, and that was the last I ever saw of him or of my thirty dollars. A number of years afterward I heard of him as a wealthy citizen in a Canadian city.

(To be Continued.)

"AMERICAN COMMUNITIES."

From the Adams County Union, Iowa.

We have received for review an able work on "American Communities" by WILLIAM A. HINDS. To those interested in this feature of the social question, and to those desiring to become acquainted with the rise and progress of Communities, the aims of the same, the obstacles and difficulties with which they meet, and in fact a full and carefully compiled history of the various Communities in the United States, we unhesitatingly recommend this work, believing it to be the best work ever offered to the public. The book is a large octavo of 176 pages. Price in paper, 60 cents, bound in cloth, $1.00. Address, Office of AMERICAN SOCIALIST, Oneida, New York.

From the Boston Commonwealth.

WILLIAM ALFRED HINDS gives in a handsome pamphlet brief sketches of American Communities, including those of Economy, Zoar, Bethel, Aurora, Amana, Icaria, Oneida, Wallingford, the Shakers, and the Brotherhood of the New Life, which show an amount of dissatisfaction with the old order of things in the social state that may well cause the Christian and the political economist to pause and consider whether the best mode of living has been found. The descriptions are interesting, and the narratives are given with candor and intelligence. Received by A. Williams & Co.

RECEIVED.

THE SHILOH HOME: an Industrial and Educational Institution upon a Unitary Basis. Bushkill, Pike County, Penn. 1878.

THE STANDARD BEARER. Equal Rights for All. No Limitation of Popular Suffrage. No Extension of Terms of Office. A Weekly Journal. Boston.

THE COMING REVOLUTION: *its Principles.* St. Louis: Lawson & Pierrot, Printers. 39 pp. 15 cts. 1878.

A CRITICAL GREEK AND ENGLISH CONCORDANCE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Charles F. Hudson. Boston: Published by H. L. Hastings. *An excellent work, on a new plan.*

OUR THOUGHT. By George W. Keith and Mary A. Read. Stoughton, Mass. 1878.

WORK AND WEALTH. By J. K. Ingalls. Reprinted from the Radical Review. New York; sold by the Author, 5 Worth Street. 1878.

BROWNE'S PHONOGRAPHIC MONTHLY: a Journal devoted to the Interests of Phonography and Phonographers. New York: D. L. Scott Browne, Conductor and Publisher, 737 Broadway.

ITEMS OF NEWS.

HOME.

Have you seen the new dollar?

The balance of trade is now in our favor.

Horses wear their back hair done up in knots.

Gold has touched 100¾. Why don't you resume?

The English sparrow is good to eat. Get all the sparrer-pie you can.

You must not expect the hunted fox to be perfectly straightforward.

Congress has given the railways 215,000,000 acres of land since the fashion began.

The opening of the mouths of the Mississippi has put new life into New Orleans.

Bayard Taylor's inspiration is kept up on sleep and victuals and lots of tobacco smoke.

Overalls are not made of blue "denim" as formerly; they are still worn tucked into the boots.

The constable has been called in to make an end of the hazing at Princeton and Dartmouth.

Secretary Sherman thinks that $100,000,000 of silver dollars can be put in circulation and kept at par with gold.

The gentlemen artists of New York sometimes marry their live models. In that case they always get model wives.

The treasury is paying out the new silver dollar in exchange for gold; $3,000 were sold in one day, mostly for pocket pieces.

Our "erring brothers" want $150,000,000 to improve their rivers and harbors, and no doubt they need it. But aren't they sturdy beggars, though?

If they pass that law it will be some comfort to button your overcoat across your well-fed stomach and say, as you go down the street, "I pay an income tax."

Mrs. Lydia M. Roosevelt, an old lady who died lately at Skaneateles, New York, was the first woman who ever descended the Ohio and Mississippi in a steamboat.

New Hampshire has gone Republican by about 1,204 majority. Pretty well, considering we have no particular principles just now, except the proud consciousness that we are not Democrats and don't drink rum.

The Senate Committee on Railroads has devised a way to get the Pacific Railways out of debt. It proposes an annual payment of $1,000,000 by each road until 1900, and thereafter half that sum annually till 1950.

The antiquaries are delighted with the discovery of an old quarry in Johnston, Providence Co., R. I., where the Indians did a big business in making soapstone bowls and dishes for cooking. One of their stone hammers weighs nearly a hundred pounds.

You may tinker the currency, and we hope you will till you get it just right. But what the country needs is life and appetite—appetite to buy and eat, and that would start the circulation and replenish the blood. We must find some way to quicken consumption as well as exchange.

An "old Washingtonian" complains that the improvements of Frederick Law Olmstead about the National Capitol have been like the work of the Goths and Vandals. Your Southern man likes an old tree to sit under and a bench to sit on; he cares very little for landscape gardening which is meant only for the eye.

Old Ben Wade left a fortune of $65,000, and a wife who had always been a hearty worker with him and for him. He did not marry till he was forty and she was thirty-seven. He hated to "overhaul the books" and write. She could do both. Their joint work of preparation done, he could go into the Senate and make his great thrusting power felt.

"Materialism," says Dr. Howard Crosby, "is the religion of sin.....If you intensify" the natural man "in any way you intensify his materialism. If you make a nation prosperous you render its materialism conspicuous. By long peace, health, abounding resources, energies are given which will inevitably flow in materialistic channels. So it is with the individual man."

Our Secretary of the Interior hasn't any Shurz to his back—they all peck at him so for whatever he does. If he tries to do justice to the Indian, somebody cries out that he is imposed upon by the thieves. If he tries to keep the rogues from carrying off Uncle Sam's saw-logs and fire-wood, somebody else sets up a howl about that, and says that he is wronging the poor settlers.

General Williamson, the Commissioner of the General Land Office, says, "It is estimated that $40,000,000 worth of timber has been cut (stolen) from the public lands, and shipped out of the country, within the last twenty years, to such places as Japan, China, South America, the West Indies and Europe. On the Atlantic and Gulf coasts the trade has been almost uninterrupted by any action of this department for twenty years or more"

Don't keep away from Minnesota because it has a great many little lakes and muskrats. The "Early Amber" sugar-cane has been successfully cultivated there. "Mr. Seth H. Kenny, of Morristown, Rice Co., certifies that during the past year he produced from a single acre of cane 1,000 pounds of dry sugar and 80 gallons of molasses, and this from an average yield." He says the Minnesota season is sufficiently long to enable the cane to ripen.

President Andrews, of Marietta College, Ohio, has discovered that David Everett, who edited a Marietta paper in 1813, was the author of the familiar lines beginning—

"You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage."

Mr. Everett was a graduate of Dartmouth (1785) and a favorite classmate of John Noyes, an old-time Congressman, whose letters were printed in the SOCIALIST some time ago.

Some of the Southern claimants come as near being impudent thieves as any men could well be. Here is a lot of Confederate mail-carriers claiming some $[illegible]00,000 for balances due on mail contracts prior to June 1, 1861. The Confederate Government appropriated a sum sufficient to pay these claims. It appears from the Confederate records that up to Dec. 7, 1863, $564,544.22 had been actually paid on those claims, and the presumption is that they were wholly paid. Congressman Willitts of Wisconsin was the man to expose their fraudulent character.

The naturalists of Massachusetts have decided against the English sparrow. Fifty species of birds, they tell us, that used to visit the Boston Common and Public Garden now come no more; among them were fifteen or twenty species that made Boston their summer residence. Before the advent of the sparrow the tendency of wild birds to settle and domesticate themselves in our city parks was gradually increasing. But the sparrows fight in combination, and mob the orioles, robins, martins, and even the wood-pecker. Shoot the hated foreigner! Shoot, shoot, shoot!!

Mr. Blaine has a plenty of dash and tact and personality, but we never heard that he has a high, puritanical, moral sense that would make him something more than a brilliant earth-worm. This sentence was pressed out of us by the fact that he has been making a speech in the Senate against the award of $5,500,000 to the Canadas by the Fisheries' Commission, claiming that the award is too big and not fairly arrived at. The Commissioners were not unanimous in their

decision. Dr. Woolsey, ex-President of Yale College, and one of the best of authorities on international law, answers him by showing that international arbitrations are governed by Roman law and not by English law, except where it is otherwise provided, and that under Roman law a majority of the arbitrators may decide. We hope the principle of international arbitration will be upheld, and that the United States will suffer no loss of dignity from her higgling editors and politicians.

The Homeopathic Society of New York city has squeezed through a resolution recognizing the rights of its members to give a "horse dose" once in a while. Of course it sticks to the principle of infinitesimal doses. Commenting on this eclecticism the *Graphic* says, and very justly, too: "The truth is, that medicine is not a science—it is merely an art, and a defective art at that. The existence of quackery proves this. We do not have quack astronomers, for astronomy is a science, and its truths are positively known; we do not have quack engineers, for engineering is a science, and its results are always fixed and certain. But while of late years immense strides have been made in the pathology of disease, in diagnosis, prognosis, and morbid anatomy, in the actual treatment of disease for purposes of cure, there has been little or no advance in positive knowledge since the days of Galen. The poison of tubercle and the poison of cancer still remain mysteries in the profession; the action of drugs upon the system, save in the cases of a few substances, is often uncertain, even to the most skilled physician. Indeed, the doubts which he entertains are generally in proportion to his knowledge; the more he learns the less he is certain of. No one human system, at a given moment, can be safely assumed to be exactly like any other human system, subject apparently to the same conditions. A thousand causes—mental, moral and physical—may so modify the system that the action of a remedy can not be certainly predicted; all that can be said is, that such and such a drug has produced such and such an effect in a thousand previous cases, and its operation in another case will probably be similar."

FOREIGN.

The Pope was chosen on St. Leo's day, and so he chose the title of Leo XIII. for himself.

Lavaeleye's "Primitive Property" is a good book for Communists, Reformers and Socialists.

The American Minister to England has to pay out from $30,000 to $40,000 more than his salary annually.

The British lion has been pacifying himself by clubbing Mr. Bradlaugh and breaking Mr. Gladstone's windows.

Louise Chandler Moulton's "Swallow Flights," a book of poems which she published lately in London, has a steady wing, and catches many a bit of praise in high places.

A copy of the first folio of Shakspeare was sold lately in London for £484. It was printed in 1623 by Isaac Iaggard and Ed. Blunt and bound in old gilt Russia and gilt top.

Sir Stafford Northcote, the British Chancellor, says it would not be polite to ask the United States whether they were going to meet their obligations. This in view of the Bland silver bill.

England is in no haste to give up the gallows. A bill abolishing capital punishment was put to its second reading in the House of Commons on the 14th, and defeated by a vote of 263 to 64.

Andrassy has got the vote of 60,000,000 florins for the purposes of military preparations; but the Hungarians stipulate that he shall not buy any Slavonic territory with it. The Hungarians are Scythians and not altogether lovely.

The French Republicans have twenty-two newspapers in Paris, with a circulation of 200,000 copies; the Legitimists have six newspapers with a circulation of 25,000 copies; the Orleanists, five newspapers with a circulation of 30,000; the Bonapartists have seven newspapers with a circulation of 70,000. The *Figaro*, which has the largest circulation of any, is independent.

The French Republicans are gradually intrenching themselves in their position. They have passed three bills very important to themselves. One provides that the "state of siege" shall only be proclaimed by legislative enactment if the Legislature is sitting; if proclaimed during the recess the Legislature shall be convened immediately. A second bill protects the news-dealers from the arbitrary interference of the prefects, and a third amnesties all offenders against the press-laws against whom prosecutions were instituted during the Broglie-Fortu Ministry.

The uncertainty about the European Congress still continues. In the mean time Russia has occupied positions commanding the Bosphorus. The latest report is that her troops are marching on Bulair, a point on the isthmus of Gallipoli. It is understood that England is endeavoring to have the Congress empowered to consider every item of the treaty. Russia, on the other hand, is stoutly opposed to having any thing discussed that is not of strictly European importance. The prevailing opinion is that Germany and Austria will take the same view. The character of the Congress, as well as the question whether there will be one at all, seems to be the point under diplomatic consideration.

Advertisements.

SOCIALISTIC LITERATURE.

HISTORY OF AMERICAN SOCIALISMS. By John Humphrey Noyes. One vol., 8vo., 678 pages, on heavy tinted paper, bound in cloth. Price, $3.00.

This volume gives a clear account of the important Communistic experiments of America, showing the causes of their success or failure. It describes Owen's Community, Collins' Community, Ballou's Community the French School and the Enthusiasts of 1843, the Fourier Phalanxes, Brook Farm, Modern Times, the Broctonian Respirationists, the Rappites, the Zoarites, the Shakers, the Oneida Community, etc., etc.

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THE COMMUNISTIC SOCIETIES OF THE UNITED STATES. By Charles Nordhoff. One vol., 8 vo., 432 pages, finely illustrated. Price, in cloth, $4.00.

MUTUAL CRITICISM. What it is, and How it works. 16 mo, 96 pages. Price, 25 cents.

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HOME TALKS. By John Humphrey Noyes. 358 pages, 12mo. With Portrait. Price, $1.50.

"This volume gives a phase of Oneida Community life not presented by the ordinary letters and descriptions. It is a collection of informal Talks by Mr. Noyes, given at different times and places, mostly in parlors, to small groups of admirers and disciples, who treasured his words and have made a report of them for publication, Mr. Noyes simply correcting the sheets. The Talks have the directness and simplicity of conversation without its rambling and diffusiveness. They have points. They say things clearly, concisely, and in vigorous Saxon terms. Moreover, they abound in common sense. They have a tone of the healthiest and most substantial realism running through them all."—*N. Y. Daily Graphic.*

DIXON AND HIS COPYISTS: a Criticism of the Accounts of the Oneida Community in "New America," "Spiritual Wives," and kindred publications. By John Humphrey Noyes. Price, 25 cts.

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AMERICAN COMMUNITIES

BY

William Alfred Hinds.

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